

87/50

MR. CLARK'S BENEFIT.

A

SELECTION OF MUSIC,

TO BE PERFORMED

At the Theatre in Birmingham,

ON THURSDAY EVENING,

OCTOBER 11, 1798,

IN COMMEMORATION AND CELEBRATION OF THE

TWO GLORIOUS VICTORIES

OBTAINED BY ADMIRALS

Lord Duncan & Sir Horatio Nelson.



Birmingham,

PRINTED BY T. A. PEARSON.

PRICE SIXPENCE.



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ACT I.

OCCASIONAL OVERTURE.

CHORUS.

FALL'N is the foe, so fall thy foes O LORD,
When warlike Judas wields his righteous sword.

SONG.—MISS POOLE.

O magnify the LORD, and worship him upon his Holy Hill, for the
LORD our GOD is holy.

DUET & CHORUS.

Messrs. SAVILLE and BIRCH.

COME BRITANNIA, shake thy lance,
Plume thyself in martial pride;
Haste, thy glorious shield advance,
Take again thy gallant stride.
Think, Oh! think on all thy noble story,
Rouze thee, rouze thee to thy ancient glory.

Chorus.—Think, Oh! think, &c.

Haste, O hasten hence away,
All thy martial ardour shew;
Clad, Clad in terrible array,
Thou shalt vanquish ev'ry foe.

Think, Oh! think on all thy noble story,
Rouze thee, rouze thee to thy ancient glory.

Chorus.—Think, Oh! think, &c.



CONSTITUTIONAL ODE.—J. CLARK.

OVERTURE.

RECIT. ACCOMP. — SAVILLE.

O glorious scene!
In fifteen hundred, eighty-eight,
A virgin Queen,
With manly fortitude replete,
ELIZA! whose immortal name
Stands foremost on the roll of Fame,
When the Armada, pride of Spain,
Beneath which groan'd the trembling main,
Appear'd in view of Albion's coast,
She, fearless of the mighty host,

AIR.

The vaunting foe to meet,
Dispatch'd her nimble fleet,
Which long the fight maintain'd,
And blooming laurels gain'd;
Till Drake and Howard on them bravely bore,
And dash'd them howling round her rocky shore.

RECIT. — ACCOMPANIED.

The second JAMES,
Who bore in Britain regal sway,
Our annals stains,
For Freedom then expiring lay,
Religion hid her sacred head,
And Law, by Jeffries frightened, fled,
Despotic Pow'r her front uprear'd,
And nought but Freedom's plaints was heard:
But when arriv'd the great NASSAU,
The friend of Liberty and Law;

AIR.—GRIFFITHS.

With gen'rous rage inspir'd,
With love of Freedom fir'd,
Our brave forefathers join'd
The friend of human kind,
And hail'd him Europe's Saviour and their own,
Then hurl'd the trembling tyrant from his throne.

RECIT. ACCOMP. — SAVILLE.

To forms of State
Succeeded happiness unmix'd,
And Britain's fate
Was on a solid basis fix'd.

DUET. — Miss POOLE & Master FERNYHOUGH.

Now Commerce, with her pleasing train
Of Arts and Science, here obtain
A lasting seat; the Muses here,
To Fame and Freedom ever dear.

CHORUS.

This glorious Revolution
Confirm'd our Constitution,
And by a right divine,
Fix'd here the BRUNSWICK Line;
Till time shall end may they reign o'er the Free,
And our great grandsons keep this Jubilee.

SONG. — Miss POOLE.

MY love to war is going,
And I am left to mourn;
For him my tears are flowing,
Ah! when will he return.

O war! thou source of sorrow,
 By thee what thousands mourn;
 Perhaps before to-morrow,
 He fills the fatal urn.

Yes, yes, fair friend, I freely grant,
 The charms of Henry's eyes I see;
 But while I gaze, I something want—
 I want those eyes to gaze on me.

And let me own in Henry's heart,
 That Envy's self no guile can see;
 Yet if I may a wish impart,
 I wish that heart to sigh for me.

OVERTURE.—HAYDN.

ON NELSON'S VICTORY.

ANOTHER conquest swells Britannia's fame;
 Let grateful mem'ry wait on NELSON's name;
 In distant seas the conquering Hero shews,
 How vain the projects of our Gallic foes.

When the glad tidings reach'd the public ear,
 From Beauty's eye distill'd the joyous tear;
 Down Manhood's cheek the tide of rapture flow'd,
 And ev'ry breast with kindling transport glow'd.

NELSON, thy praise from shore to shore shall ring,
 Joy to the Nation!—Joy to England's King!
 Such prowess, ev'ry tribute justly craves,
 E'en Arabs shout, "Britannia rules the waves!"

With well earn'd laurels grace the Victor's brow,
 Recall the deeds of VINCENT, DUNCAN, HOWE!
 Illustrious names!—to every Briton dear—
 Here then the altar of our thanks we'll rear:
 Fleets led to battle by such men as these,
 Shall fix in Brunswick's Line the Trident of the Seas.

ACT II.

GRAND SYMPHONY.—PLEYEL.

CANZONETTE.—MISS POOLE & MR. SAVILLE.

STAY, Traveller, tarry here to-night,
The rain yet beats, the wind is loud;
The moon has too withdrawn her light,
And gone to sleep behind a cloud:
'Tis sev'n long miles across the moor,
And shou'd you chance to go astray,
You'll meet, I fear, no friendly door,
Nor soul to tell the ready way.

Come, dearest Kate, our meal prepare,
This stranger shall partake our best,
A cake and rasher be his fare,
With ale that makes the weary blest:
Approach the hearth, there take a place,
And till the hour of rest draws nigh,
Of Robin Hood, and Chevy Chase
We'll sing—then to our pallets hie.

PILGRIM BOY.—MASTER FERNYHOUGH.

O'ER barren rocks and dreary space,
Where venom'd snakes my steps annoy,
Forlorn I roam from place to place,
A poor dejected Pilgrim Boy:
E'er I was born my father dy'd,
My mother's ev'ry joy,
Tho' sore oppress'd, yet still she try'd,
To rear her Pilgrim Boy.
'Midst glaring day and midnight gloom,
Did trav'ling all our hours employ,
To find my father's sacred tomb,
The mother and her Pilgrim Boy:

Ah! me the conflict now is o'er,
 Her death my peace destroy;
 Whilst I am doomed evermore,
 To roam a Pilgrim Boy.

CONCERTO.—MR. CRAMER.

SONG. Miss POOLE.—BERTONI.

SE costante per te moro,
 Se fedele a te son io,
 La mia morte o mio tesoro;
 Destra in vidia e non pietà,
 Traditor, d'ame t'invola.
 Ne sperar che vie mi renda
 La tua barbara empietà. *Se costante, &c.*
 Alme belle innamorate,
 Che vedeti il mio cimento
 Dite voi sèqual tormento
 Puo soffrir in fido cor—
 Sposa—fenti, ti consola,
 Traditor, dame t'invola.

GLEE.—(THREE VOICES.) *Verse and Chorus.*

GLORIOUS Apollo, from on high beheld us,
 Wand'ring to find a temple for his praise,
 Sent Polyhymnia hither to shield us,
 While we ourselves such a structure might raise;
 Thus then combining, hands and hearts joining,
 Sing we in harmony Apollo's praise.

Chorus.—Apollo's praise, Apollo's praise.

Here ev'ry gen'rous sentiment awaking,
 Music inspiring unity and joy;
 Each social pleasure, giving and partaking,
 Glee and good humour our hours employ;
 Thus then combining, hands and hearts joining,
 Long may continue our unity and joy.

Chorus.—Our unity and joy, our unity and joy.

DUET.—Messrs. GRIFFITHS & BIRCH.

THE LORD is a man of war, the LORD is his name, Pharaoh's chariots and his host hath he cast into the sea; his chosen captains also are drowned in the Red Sea.

GLEE.—(FOUR VOICES.)

DOWN the bourn, and thro' the mead,
His golden locks wav'd o'er his brow,
Johnny lilting tun'd his reed,
And Mary wip'd her bonny mow.

Dear she loo'd the well known song,
While her Johnny, blithe and bonny,
Sung her praise the whole day long.

Down the bourn, &c.

Gold and titles give not health,
And Johnny cou'd nae these impart;
Youthful Mary's greatest wealth,
Was still her faithful Johnny's heart.
Sweet the joys the lovers find,
Great the treasure, sweet the pleasure,
When the heart is always kind.

Down the bourn, &c.

FULL PIECE.

SONG, "GOD SAVE THE KING,"

(VERSE AND CHORUS)

With the following additional Verse.

FAME let thy trumpet sound,
Tell all the world around,
Great George is King;
Tell Holland, France, and Spain,
All their vile arts are vain,
Brave NELSON rules the main,
And George is King.

THE END.



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